1: Hoebel E-5 (1933) 1940 NO6 Comanche NO6

"One night his mother came back to the band. She went right into her son's tipi and shook his arm. She told him to get up and get some bison before they moved camp, because the people were going to a place where buffalo were scarce. 689 762

"The young man woke up and looked at her. He said, 'Did you call me "son"?' 'No,' he replied to her avowal, 'I have no mother. You tell me you're my mother. You don't know what you are talking about. Go away!'

"His mother uttered a groan and went back to her own tipi. Then she went out. She went down by the creek to a tree and threw a raw-hide rope over a branch. She stood on a log and put the rope about her neck. After that she kicked the log out into the stream and hung herself.

"The body was discovered by some hunters. All the people ran down there to cut her down and they buried her not far from the creek. The brother of the dead woman was angry. He said he would kill his nephew's wife. He said she must have had something to do with it; otherwise it would not have happened. But the young man and his wife ran away. They stayed with some other people until the trouble was forgotten."

Here again the son was legally right, for his mother had given up proper claim to him. For that in itself the son was not blamed. And yet to cause her such anguish that she committed suicide was going too far. In the uncle's thinking the son would not have done that of his own volition; his hussy of [157] a wife must have urged him to it! The forgetting of the trouble, by lapse of [152] time, shows the role of momentary passion, such as grief, or outraged dignity, in a hot-tempered people.

Nor should we fail to include the seeking of death in flaming glory on the battlefield, sought with reckless abandon by men whose honor was stained or whose failing constitutions held out the prospect of death on the sick-bed. These, too, were suicide: but suicide turned to public benefit.

Case 39. Suicide
Informant: Talker (Recorded by Jeannette Mirsky)

"Among the Yɛp-Eaters were two brothers: they were Thunder and Rocky Creek. They grew up together and never quarrelled. When they were yet young men their last remaining relatives died, leaving them alone. They were single men.

"Then came the time when Rocky Creek eloped with Eat Something; he took her on the war-path, for she was married to an old man. His brother was with him in this venture. But then they returned, Rocky Creek let her go; because she was a mean woman he did not want her.

"These brothers had a sister, Breaks Wind While Sitting, who was married. When they returned from the war-path they went to visit her.[1] Their brother-in-law,

[1] The rules of avoidance lapse when brother and sister have been married.

among his wives, there was one who treated me with all the kindness I had previously received at the hands of Moko, the young consort of the Big Wolf, and she was *Kianceta*, the Weasel.

At the end of four days, Big Wolf again made his appearance, attended by his four wives and a number of warriors. Their arrival was celebrated by a pipe dance. This ceremony was conducted as follows: The wives of the two chiefs, myself, and several old men of the tribe were stationed in the center of the ring. At its side stood the Spotted Leopard, with a lighted pipe made of red sandstone. As the warriors danced around, each, as he came opposite the chief, received the pipe at his hands, took a whiff or two, and handed it back. This ceremony was accompanied by one of their wild and peculiar songs, and when it was concluded, Moko came forward with the watch, kissed it, presented it to me, and turning about, broke through the circle of warriors, crying, and disappeared in a neighboring tent.

I caused it to sound the alarm, probably a dozen times, when the Spotted Leopard approached me with Kianceta by his side. Into the possession of the latter, the weird, mysterious thing, through which the Great Spirit spoke in a strange voice, was delivered, and the crowd dispersed.

Kianceta, the Weasel, was tall and slim, and erect as the young cedar that grew on the bank of the Boge Lescoha. She had an easy and elastic gait, as if shod with velvet springs, and in her movements there was a nameless grace and dignity which drew all eyes after her, as the magnet attracts the steel. She was dressed in buckskin moccasins, and leggins colored red—a blue broadcloth skirt, tastefully embroidered with beads, and over this a bright calico short gown—articles obtained from the Mexican traders. Her long hair, blacker than the feathers of the crow, fell down

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
NO6 Comanche NO6

over her shoulders in luxuriant profusion, halfway to the ground, and around her forehead was a tin band, scalloped on the upper edge, after the fashion of a crown.

Kianceta was indeed comely to look upon, but her soul was far more lovely than her form. Though an untutored woman of the prairie—one of a low and ignorant class—I have reason to remember her with respect and gratitude. She sympathized with the poor captive when others laughed at his calamities—sat down by his side, and looked up sorrowfully into his face, when the young savages in the village beat him with stones and sticks until he sought shelter in the tent. An hundred times she stood between him and those who threatened harm—gave him corn when others had it not—attended him when sick—casting red-hot stones into a trough of water to make him a steam bath, and wrapping him in thick buffalo skins until his cold was broken up and his health restored.

Next morning the tribe was assembled, and Che-ra-se-chick-a-lo, the prophet, made a speech. He was not as earnest and impressive as Karolo—palpably inferior in every respect—nevertheless, he was listened to with the most profound attention. At the conclusion of his exhortation, they indulged in a long and jolly feast, when Moko and the three other wives of Big Wolf came and kissed me again and again, and then bestriding their mules, rode away towards their own valley of Mannasaw, weeping as they went.

My time was now passed either in attending upon the Spotted Leopard, or sauntering idly through the village, continually thinking of escape. This subject was never out of my mind. By observing the rising and setting sun, I could tell the points of compass, and recalling, as far as possible, the direction of the different routes I had taken

10:Horn T-3 (1836-1837) 1955
NO6 Comanche NO6

755 the patient and spirt the water from their mouths in his face, and affectionately enquire if he is better. Should the poor creature answer in the affirmative, [152] (which is not often the case, as might well be supposed,) they attest their joy in the most ludicrous [764] manner; but if the patient dies at this, or at a subsequent period of his illness, he is interred in [757] the grave already dug at his door. The treatment is the same in the case of either sex, and they do not administer any kind of medicine. When a man 764 is buried, they put his gun, powder and ball, bow 768 and arrows, into the grave with him; and when a woman dies, they bury her as above stated, and then burn her tent and all she had; after which, 766 they join together and build the family a new one. When a young child dies, they bury it lashed to the board on which they carry it.

765 But no pen can describe the extent of their wail-
152 ings for the dead. When they return after a long absence, they alight from their beasts, and their women immediately turn them out, and then come and sit down at a respectful distance. Not a word of any kind is spoken by any one; the whole company is seated with the utmost silence. At length, without uttering a word, they begin to cry, and continue in this kind of exercise until it rises to a high pitch; when one of them suddenly stops, rises from his seat, and addresses the company, who at once give him their attention, while he tells them, in substance, that they have met together once more

10:Horn T-3 (1836-1837) 1955
NO6 Comanche NO6

in safety; that there is no cause for crying, and exhorts them to refrain; when, by mutual consent, they cease crying as easily as they commenced it, and go about their business. But if any of their friends have died in the fight, or otherwise, their grief appears deep and lasting. In this case, they immediately commence cutting and disfiguring themselves in a shocking manner, and with varied and unseemly gestures, accompanied with loud and tremendous yells, they seem to try to excel each other. They will ascend the loftiest peaks of the tallest mountains they can reach, and through the whole of the gloomiest night, send abroad through the surrounding forest their dismal wailings, in howls of horrid [59] accent. Nor are their signs of grief much less pungent when they lose their friends at home; but they hold all others enemies, and treat them accordingly, dead or alive. The reader has seen plenty of this in the preceding narrative; but I will here add, they fastened the scalps of our murdered friends to the bridles of their mules, so as to suspend them under the chin of the animals, and this was their constant practice while I was with them. When they encamped, they would fix them upon the top of long poles, and set them up by their tents, as I have seen flags upon garrisons, and elsewhere.

When a woman was to be confined, they removed the grass and everything else from the surface of the ground, and in a convenient place in the tent

20: Wallace H-4,5 (1945) 1953 NO6 Comanche NO6

657 make the cultural transition they have been called upon to
178 accomplish. As a result of its work, many tribal superstiti-
177 tutions are being discarded for modern scientific concepts.
[757] Although hardly a Comanche would accept a white physi-
[756] cian at the beginning of the reservation period, the Indian practitioner today is almost a forgotten man.

186 The Comanches are still confronted with many sociolog-
178 ical and psychological problems of adjustment. They have
177 not entirely disintegrated, nor have they been completely
182 assimilated. They are still Indian and want to follow the Indian pattern; their environment, experience, and teaching encourages them to discard it. They are intensely proud of being Comanche, and cherish their cultural heritage. They feel that they were unjustly robbed of their homeland, but know that they must make the best of their situation. The conflict between the old and the new often prevents the acceptance of any regular pattern of conduct and leads to confusion or unusual situations.

[291] The matter of custom is vital to the Comanches. It is
[302] difficult to discard tradition. Some old women still wear their blankets, and a few old men continue to paint their
431 faces and to wear their hair in plaits. The tradition of gen-
[454] erosity does not fit well in American society for it is an impediment to economic security. Their idea of a pleasant life does not include saving, because saving had no place in their primitive society. The give-away dance has not entirely disappeared, and those who give are the losers and afterwards may seek the aid of the government.

157 There still exists a strong incentive toward the glorifica-
181 tion of the individual. This character trait was a regular
[178] feature of the old social system, where the aim of the warrior was to gain glory and where there was constant acknowledgment of his achievements. It led to an immense
[152] sensitiveness to praise and censure. The Comanches, as a result, require more praise than the white man to function,
157 and they suffer more than the white man from censure. The
181 attitude was readily apparent in 1945. More than two hun-
701

21: Burnet T-5 (1818-1819) 1954 NO6 Comanche 06
Texas

The Squaws are [ca. 1818] 175
literally "hewers of wood and drawers of water," to their 593
dominate and supercilious husbands. Every description of 562
domestic labour is imposed upon them to a degree not usual, even among savages, and they seem to endure the burden with an uncomplaining cheerfulness; or rather, with the quiescence of a temper subdued by habit and ignorance, to a condition the most onerous and humiliating. But commis- 175
seration is more sensibly awakened to their moral, than to 157
their physical state, for they exhibit a total departure from every thing that is amiable or interesting in the sex. To the most hideous degeneracy from feminine suavity and agreeableness of person, they unite a more than commensurate debasement of mind and manners. The choice porcelain of nature has become as the coarsest potters clay; and the bland adornments of female character, have given place to a fierce and unmitigated barbarism. In truth the largest 175
portion of the nation's barbarity consists in the character of 157
their women. They are infinitely more cruel and ferocious 562
than the men, and are much more addicted to pilfering, in which they have acquired a proficiency that almost defies detection. They take a peculiar delight in torturing the 175
adult male prisoners, who, according to an ancient custom, 727
are surrendered to their fiend-like amusement for three days [152]
succeeding their arrival in the village. The quantum of punishment that is inflicted, is however, in some degree proportioned to the events of the campaign. If the war party have suffered no damage, it is comparatively light and trivial, amounting only to a few gentle flagellations, by way of giving merriment to the dance, and cadence to the song of triumph. But those who are captured on a disastrous excursion, are punished with a most revolting barbarity, that often terminates in death. During the three days of abandonment by the men, the prisoner is stretched on the ground, each extremity pinioned to a stake, where he lies motionless, save in the writhings of fear and anguish, and exposed to the fury of the squaws, who alternately recreate themselves by inflicting on their prostrate enemy every variety of torture that a savage fancy can suggest. At evening the passive victim is released, to undergo a more

21: Burnet T-5 (1818-1819) 1954 NO6 Comanche NO6
Texas

175 (ca. 1818)
721 regress of small parties from 5 to 50 in number, whose sole object is inglorious predation, and who cautiously avoid all renconters with the enemy, except with the menial herdsmen who attend the droves of the wealthy planters.

[17] [18] Although habitually savage and estranged from the humanizing influence of civilization, the Comanchee warriors are not so wantonly barbarous and sanguinary as many of the primitive nations of our continent. It is true, they 175 seldom give quarter to the Spanish soldiers, and it is equally 726 true, that they seldom receive any from them. It has been alleged too, that they massacre women and children. The charge is not true as to general practice, but there may be some isolated exceptions, growing out of pressing emergency 175 or some extraordinary excitement. When reproved on this 721 awful subject, these undisciplined warriors justify their deeds of horror, as more enlightened nations have attempted to justify theirs, by the law of retaliation: and I suspect that a strict investigation would evince but little disparity in the inhumanities that are reciprocally practiced by these savage and semi-savage belligerents.

175 The Comanchees are always at war with the Osages and 721 Pawnees. A formal declaration has perhaps never tran- 648 spired, but whenever they meet, hostilities ensue. Frequent and sometimes sanguinary recontres happen between them, 175 the Osages and Pawnees being in general the aggressors. In the fall of the year these tribes abandon their villages, and 721 lead a wandering life, ostensibly for the purpose of hunting. They often roam as far as the Comanchee region, professedly in quest of Buffalo, but in reality to "spoil the spoiler of his prey," in which they frequently succeed so far as to return well mounted, although they always leave home on foot. The Comanchees sometimes retaliate upon them by carrying the war into their country; but having little to gain by these excursions, they are unfrequent. Simple bootless war, has few attractions for a people who have neither poets nor historians to perpetuate the fame of their achievements.

175 Strong attachment to kindred is a prominent feature in
152

21: Burnet T-5 (1818-1819) 1951 NO6 Comanche .06
Texas

[ca. 1818]

the Indian character. The Comanchees manifest their sensibilities by mourning vehemently for the dead. They continue their lamentations stately, morning and evening, for a length of time proportioned to the affinity and the consequence of the deceased. The women shave their heads and scarify themselves with knives or sharp flints, until they are literally covered with blood. Whether they have derived this practice from the discomfited prophets of Baal, (I Kings 18, 28) is for learned antiquarians to determine. The men set too much value on the velvet softness of their tawny skins, to have them scarred and serrated by so unprofitable a custom; but they will sometimes shave their heads, which is also considered a grievous retrenchment of masculine beauty. At each periodical lament, the bereaved relations assemble unitedly to bewail their departed friend. Tears are shed in copious profusion, accompanied by loud and plaintive strains of hideous dissonance, not unlike the howlings of ravening wolves. The goods and chattels of the deceased, including his tent and all its apparatus, are sometimes burnt; and such of his horses and mules as the avarice of the living will relinquish, are killed in order to be transferred to the hunting grounds of Elysium, for the future benefit and behoof of the dead. It was estimated by eye-witnesses, that during the prevalence of the small-pox among them in 1819, when they were swept off, as with the besom of destruction, there were not less than 5000 of these valuable animals immolated in this manner. The mode of conducting their funeral obsequies, I have never witnessed, and believe they sedulously avoid the observation of strangers of these occasions.

[Note. The length of this letter compels us to divide it. The rest will appear next week.]

[*The Cincinnati Literary Gazette*, June 12, 1824]

Letter IV.

[Concluded]

Vanity, certainly, is not peculiar to the Comanchees, but they possess more vanity both national and personal,

21: Burnet T-5 (1818-1819) 1954 NO6 Comanche NO6
Texas

[ca. 1818]

sively uncomfortable in cold or wet weather, and are at best but miserable shelters. The interior furniture consists altogether of the skins of different animals, principally Buffaloe robes, which are spread on the ground, and compose their beds, bedding and all. They use neither chairs, stools, nor tables. In the culinary art they have improved but little upon the most obvious suggestions of nature, and are exceedingly filthy and loathsome in all their household economy. They have no cooking utensils of their own construction, and prefer copper kettles on account of their being easily portable and not subject to fracture. They mostly boil their meat, but sometimes broil it on the coals or roast it on spits. During the summer months they often suffer intensely by hunger, purely from defect of art, and frugality in husbanding their means of subsistence. Whole villages are sometimes three or four days without a particle of animal or vegetables food. Their sufferings are borne in common, and if one hunter is more fortunate than the rest, his game is distributed gratuitously through the whole village. In times of scarcity the men hold it a matter of conscience and pride, to sustain the severest portion of the general privations, and to bear them without murmuring. And indeed they manifest a capacity for enduring abstinence, that would almost lead one to imagine nature had furnished their organic system with a peculiar adaptation to the various contingencies of their existence. When meat is abundant, they gorge and gormandize most voraciously, without experiencing any subsequent inconvenience; and when it is scarce, then endure hunger with singular patience, and comparatively trivial relaxation of the animal functions. Habit is capable of controlling both mind and matter. Being accustomed to pursue their game altogether on horseback, they seldom obtain any other than the Buffaloes, of which they usually have an adequate supply during the cold months, from November to March. They reserve but little from the winter's profusion to supply the scarcity of summer, having no other mode of preventing putrefaction, than by cutting the meat into very thin slices, and exposing it to the sun until it is entirely desicated by exhalation. As you may

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

Sanapia. The Comanche name for ghost sickness is *bedeyai*, which Sanapia translates as "ghost done it." She describes the condition in this manner: 775 753

> You seen them, I guess. Their face get all twisted up on one way, and their eyes might get twisted up on the left side and their mouth would twist around too. Their eyes run all the time and they can't hardly see. You can see the gums in their mouth and the teeth. They get to slobbering so bad that they got to hold a rag over their mouth. Sometimes their hands get bent up and their arms get turned around and they be shaking sometimes. Oh! they stink when they get it, just like dead persons. I'll tell you, when you doctor someone with twisted face, its the most nasty thing you could do. You have to put your mouth right on it. 775 753 164

Usually, the ghosts do their harm to individuals whom they find outside and alone at night. The following is an example, from a Comanche informant, of a very standardized account of ghost contact. This tale, with only slight variations, was also collected from Kiowa and Kiowa-Apache informants. 775 753 [171]

> We was up around Fletcher picking pecans one afternoon. It started getting late, but we didn't notice because we were having a good time. And the sun went down, so I told that bunch I was with that I was going. I started to walk to my pick-up parked up on the highway. And so I was walking. It was then that I heard something around me. Some sound like somebody walking behind me in the grass. The hair about to stand up on my head, because I knew what it was right then. So I start running. I run, and run, and run. After a time I turn my head to see if I loose it and, bang, it hit me right on this side of my face. It was right behind me every minute I was running. I fell down hard when it happened and seems like I went to sleep or something. When I woke up, it was still dark and my face was chilled-like, you know, it was dead feeling. So I got home after a while and my wife gave a holler when she see me with my face all screwed up like that. I guess it look pretty bad alright. Didn't hurt. It just look bad. We got it fixed up later. Indian doctor fix it up pretty good for me.

A key point to these tales of the appearance of the ghosts and the subsequent contortion of the face of the individual contacted lies in the emotion of fear. In every tale of this nature, the ghost victim states the fear he felt at the sight or sound of the ghost. I also collected several accounts in which the individual contacted by the ghost describes how he managed to control his fear at the appearance of the ghost and thus avoided the ghost contortions. Sanapia is very explicit on this point. She states that the only defense against the ghost is courage. 775 753 152

> You might be walking along, out there someplace, and you hear some sound moving along behind you. If you going to turn around, you got to turn all around, turn your whole body around, and look right at it. See what it is. But if you just turn your head, take a peek, that's when they twist your face. Turn all the way around and look at it and say, "What do you want? Come here, let me see you," or "Go away. You're dead." Say that to it and it's gone. That's the way they do. You got to stand up to that ghost. You got to show it you ain't afraid of it. If you don't, they got you, and they twist you up right now.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

various power sources for the task at hand. She deposits some cedar on the coals and smokes her Medicine feather by lightly waving it through the rising smoke four times. She then lays her feather on the fragment of Mexican sarape, which also underlies the medicines she will use, and holds her hands in the medicine smoke. With a washing motion, she draws the smoke over her face, arms, chest, and legs. After she "cleanses" herself with the smoke, she takes her feather and ceremonially fans her patient.

She then takes her Bible between her palms and, extending her arms before her, she prays to "God and Jesus and especially the Holy Ghost" to assist her in healing her patient. If she is inspired to do so, she will sometimes open her Bible at random and read from it in an attempt to receive a sign from "God, Jesus, or the Holy Ghost" concerning the direction she should take in her doctoring, or the possible outcome of her treatment.

Next, Sanapia picks up her Chief Peyote, and holding it in her right hand, she speaks to it. As mentioned in the chapter on medicines, Sanapia will usually threaten the peyote rather than beseech it or pray to it when she uses it in dotcoring. As she talks to it, she will transfer it from hand to hand in order to draw the power it possesses into her hands.

After Sanapia has made her opening prayers, she is in a very agitated emotional condition. This is mentioned both by Sanapia and by some of her expatients. She considers the chills, shaking, and trembling that she experiences as signs that her power has entered her, and she will not begin to doctor until she reaches this state.

> And when I pray like that . . . well, that power just come over me, comes down and gives me that chills and I start shaking all at once and pretty soon it goes away and then I start. Sometimes I can't hardly touch them, the way my hand be shaking. It makes me feel like that power wants to make me get them well right now.

When she has regained control of her hands after the siege of trembling, Sanapia begins the treatment proper. She takes a segment of the white root of *bekwinatsu* and masticates it to a moist pulp. She then spews it over the patient's face, head, and arms if they have been affected by the ghost contagion. She also takes this moist pulp, and, after rolling it between her palms, she rubs it over the areas of the patient's body which exhibit symptoms of ghost sickness. After so doing, she deposits this premasticated root in the patient's mouth and instructs him to to swallow it.

Sanapia then chews another piece of *bekwinatsu* together with a few leaves of sweet sage to sweeten her mouth and, retaining this concoction in her mouth, applies her mouth to the contorted areas of the patient's face to suck out the sickness. Although she has the option of utilizing her sucking horn in other cases, she is obliged to use her mouth in the doctoring of ghost sickness.

Her mouth and hands are the areas of her body which are believed to be especially charged with power. This is the rationale for the spewing of medicines on a patient, the administering of medicines which have been premasticated by

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 N06 Comanche N06
Oklahoma

Ghost Sickness and Witch Sickness

Sanapia's great success in curing ghost-sickness victims appears to give further support to the idea of the psychogenesis of ghost sickness. Then again, she would also be attributed with success in curing a transient unilateral facial paralysis of an organic genesis which ran its course during the time of treatment or within a suitable time span after treatment. Of course, they both support the same conclusion to the Comanches: Sanapia can cure ghost sickness. However, if Sanapia is successful in curing ghost sickness, why does she enjoy a relative lack of success in curing the victims of witchcraft when the symptomatic manifestations of the two are practically identical? Once again, as in the discussion of ghost sickness, a valuable clue is suggested by looking at standardization in the age and sex of the victims of the witch. The institution of witchcraft will be more thoroughly surveyed in Chapter 5. It seems most appropriate that the etiology of witchcraft symptoms should be discussed at this juncture since we are approaching the question of Sanapia's cultural function as curer of afflictions believed by the Comanches to be magically or supernaturally instigated.

The overwhelming majority of Comanche witch victims are infants, rarely more than several years of age. Therefore, we must base our attempt at explanation of the symptoms of witch sickness on an organic disorder which corresponds to the symptoms displayed by the witched victim. The medical literature presents an account of a disorder which corresponds in type to the symptoms present in ghost sickness and witch sickness, but which is limited, with rare exceptions, to infants less than two years of age. This neuromuscular disorder, tetany, also exhibits two symptoms by which Sanapia conceptually differentiates between witch sickness and ghost sickness by the degree of their severity. Sanapia points out that though witch- and ghost-sickness victims demonstrate similar modes of contortion, the witch victim's contortions appear most often in spasmodic fashion, while this trait is less marked in ghost sickness. Also, the peculiar contractions of the hands and arms, described in discussing ghost sickness, are more prevalent in cases of witch sickness. Further, two major causes of tetany in infants result from inadequate calcium intake and vitamin D deficiency, dietary lacks which could easily occur in the relatively poor environment in which many Comanche infants are reared.

Aub (1951:1275) mentions that signs of tetany will result from alkalosis of various origins, such as hyperventilation. The relationship of the emotion of fear to hyperventilation is noteworthy. Although the infant does not understand that he is the target of the witch, his parents do. Perhaps the parents' increased anxiety over the symptoms of tetany, which they could associate with witchcraft, only acts to increase anxiety in the infant, thus more readily acting to increase the possibility of hyperventilation. It is a common observation that the emotional state of parents can affect the emotional state of their infant children.

Because of the suggested differences in etiology of ghost sickness and witch sickness, Sanapia's success with ghost sickness and relative lack of success in curing witch sickness is understandable. She can relieve some of the symptoms of

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

657 1879 and fifty-nine in 1889. This area included the Cheyenne-Arap-
871 aho Agency and the Pawnee Agency, as well as the Agency at Fort Sill. Agent Hunt had the Comanches, Apaches, Caddo, Wichita, Kee-ichi, and Kiowa under his supervision, and so no one tribe could have sent many students.

[734] As for Che-appy, his daughter recalls his saying that because he was an orphan and had no one to look after him, he was picked up and sent when pupils were being sought. Human nature seems much the same everywhere: here was a chance to rid the tribe of an orphan.

The letters found by Mr. Holmes indicate that Che-appy was given an Anglo surname at the school, as became the custom. The children's Indian names were too much for the teachers. One letter from General Pratt to Agent Hunt, dated August 27, 1881, listed certain students from Hunt's Agency who were in school, and in the list was "Cheapie Ross." Another, dated August 6, 1882, states that "Cheapie Ross," among others, "is here and quite well." The letter also states that "Cheapie" was out for a while during harvest, and was
657 praised for his excellent work. It was a custom of the school to place
871 students, both boys and girls, out to work for the nearby German
464 farmers during the summer vacation. These summer jobs were called "outings." Another of Charley's summer outings, according to his daughter, was in the John Wanamaker store in New York City, where he worked as a stockboy.

657 A copy of one letter sent to General Pratt, dated June 15, 1882,
871 states that Joshua Givens, having neither father nor mother, should be allowed to decide for himself whether he would remain in school. It may be assumed that Che-appy, since he was also an orphan, had the same privilege when his three years came to an end. I do not know how long he remained in school, if he did decide to stay longer than
551 the initial three-year period. The next Agency record of him is the date of his marriage to Tits-se-na, also called Nah-vo-ne-vi-chy, by
593 Indian custom. This was in 1869. The marriage was ended forty-five years later by the death of Tits-se-na. Four daughters and a son were
[595] born to this union. Though polygamy was the practice of the Comanches at the time, Charley took but one wife.

Mrs. Ross never had the privilege of schooling, but she evidently
152 did yeoman service in the rearing of the family. She was a quiet-mannered person, but her smile was as contagious as was her husband's. Also, I distinctly remember how easily their two little girls

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

smiled. Even Charley's old father-in-law, Mi-he-suah, a veteran of many years on the People's war trails and one of the first casualities of the battle of Adobe Walls, let his face light up now and then with a happy smile; and Mrs. To-pet-chy, the sister-in-law, and her children smiled often. Smiling Comanches were rare, and when one saw a smile on the face of one of the old fellows, it seemed a bit of a miracle.

Charley's first job in Oklahoma was with the Chilocco Indian School. Next he worked for the Kiowa Agency at Anadarko. Then came the opportunity to work for Sam Burnett as a cowboy on the Burnett Ranch in Texas. Charley and Sam Burnett became good friends—the Burnetts, father and son, had the reputation of getting on well with the Indians—and while Charley worked on the ranch he also became acquainted with many other Texas cattlemen. Mrs. Cato especially remembers his having spoken of the Waggoners.

The Burnett Ranch occupied much of the land between Wichita Falls and the Red River to the north. Sam Burnett also rented grass from Quanah Parker on the north side of the river, and he was one of the Texas cattlemen and grass users who in 1884 built a house for Quanah on the bank of West Cache Creek, northwest of the present town of Cache, Oklahoma. When the Indian Department took over the leasing of the grass, Burnett continued his leasing until the country was opened for homesteading.

From Albert Clark, a half-blood Comanche employed at the Anadarko Agency, I learned that Charley Ross acquired his Anglo first name while he worked for Sam Burnett. Mr. Clark's parents had moved to the present town of Faxon, where they lived close to Charley, and as a lad Mr. Clark often talked to him. On one occasion Charley told young Albert the story of his name. One night, he said, the cowhands were all sitting around the wagon eating, when Sam Burnett called Che-appy to come and sit by him. He told Che-appy that he didn't like his name and was going to give him a better one. "From now on," he said, "your name is Charley Ross."

When I learned that Charley had worked as a cowboy for Sam Burnett, I understood something about him that had bothered me. I remembered Charley as a very graceful horseman, like all the Comanches, who sat their horses as if they belonged there and nowhere else. Charley had an extra grace, especially in his mounting and dismounting, which were done with an even flow of only the necessary movements. Perhaps the proper word is rhythm. But my mental pic-

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Finally, apparently losing her temper, the one-eyed squaw started mouthing, ran to the south end of the counter, rounded the end, and started back north toward where Mother was standing. Mother, realizing the squaw's intentions, began mimicking her mouthings, picked up her skirts slightly with either hand, as I had seen her do a thousand times when shooing chickens or helping with the livestock around the farm, charged directly toward the little Indian woman.

Mother's mouthing was just as loud and just as unintelligible as was the squaw's, and for an instant it looked as though the irrisistible force was about to collide with the immovable object. Then suddenly Number Three braked to a stop and began running backward. Mother gave her no time to turn around.

Abruptly, the trail ended for the back-peddling intruder—she reached the little window deck where Mother's flowers sat. It was as I have said, knee-high, and the cactus sat on the squaw's side. There was nothing left for the frightened Indian woman to do but sit down, and she sat with all her accumulated momentum directly upon Mother's cactus.

I never decided which arose first, the homely little squaw or her shrieks of pain. At the first shriek, the other wives ran to her rescue. A counter-top showcase hid Mother and the shrieking Indian woman. For all they knew, Mother might be murdering their companion.

When the other wives saw what had happened, they began screaming also, but theirs were screams of laughter. Close behind the wives came the other Comanche women who were sitting around the stove, and their peals of laughter added to the bedlam.

From time to time I have read stories having to do with the stoicism of the American Indians and their ability to repress emotions—remaining indifferent to either pleasure or pain. But I assure you, this repression doesn't include an already excited squaw, clad in a calico *pit-sa-quina*, who unexpectedly sits on a cactus. Neither did it extend to the several Comanche women present in the store when she had her mishap. The little one-eyed Indian woman's shrieks of anguish were what you would expect to hear, even from a sedate white woman, under similar circumstances. And the gales of merriment loosed by the other Comanche women present equaled what you would expect from a group of white women laughing at a companion involved in a like predicament.

Certainly, the victim's face registered a mixture of fear and pain

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152 when she regained her feet. Then there was anger, as she looked from one of her convulsed companions to another. Finally, she managed a faint grin. This ended their shopping for the day, of course, and the group gathered back by the stove and the chairs. But until their going-home time came, little spasms of giggling and bursts of subdued merriment broke out among them from time to time.

I can't for the life of me recall whether the tiny, one-eyed Number Three sat or stood the rest of the afternoon.